

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
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For The Dayspring.

THE ROSE AND LILY.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE LAURA had golden hair,
With rosy cheek and laughing eye;
Picture of health and beauty rare,
Her tide of life was always "high."
Could you have seen her in her gleeful plays,
You would have set her down for many happy days.

Little Alice was thin and pale,
With flaxen hair and azure eye;
Fair as a lily, sweet and frail,
She seemed just opening for the sky.
Could you have seen her little face so white,
You would have sadly said, "She'll soon be robed
in white."

As these sweet flowers together grew,
The rose unto the lily clung;
The earth was green, the sky was blue,
When they together played and sung.
Oh, happy were those days, so bright and fair,
When, like the playful lambs, they skipped in summer air.

But little Laura, with golden hair,
With rosy cheek and laughing eye,
Picture of health and beauty rare,
Whose tide of life was always high,
One day upon her little bed was laid,
And never lifted more her precious golden head.

And Little Alice, so thin and pale,
With flaxen hair and azure eye,
Fair as a lily, sweet and frail,
Who seemed just opening for the sky,
Was left alone, without her fragrant rose,
To wonder where it is the risen spirit goes.

One evening little Alice stood,
Looking into the dome of night,
Watching the stars in thoughtful mood,
As one by one each lit his light,
When from sky a star so brightly shone,
It seemed like her sweet little Laura looking down.

Her quickened soul was all aglow;
She threw a kiss into the sky.
How sweet it was for her to know
Her little playmate did not die!

Then to her mother ran to tell the story
Of Laura looking down from her bright home of
glory.

The little planets, we are told,
To the central sun are nearest;
And heaven its mysteries unfolds
To the heart of childhood clearest.

O b'essed faith, that sees in stars of night
The beam of loving eyes from the pure home of
light.

W. P. T.

For The Dayspring.

A SPIKED ANIMAL.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

"PHIL, my boy!" said Sister Sue, "be gentle: May did not injure you in any way. Let her look at your pictures. You are always standing on the defensive, and bristling up just like a hedgehog."

"What is a hedgehog, Sue?" asked Phil, who seemed more interested in the animal than the application.

"Why, a hedgehog, my dear, is a queer-looking little animal, all covered with sharp-pointed spikes; and, when it feels that it is going to be injured in any way, it just rolls itself up into a ball, and its sharp points stand out in every direction."

"Well, what else Sue?" asked Phil, as his sister stopped talking and went on with her sewing. "Do tell me all about it; and I will promise not to act like a hedgehog again, no matter how much May meddles with my things."

"The hedgehog," continued Sue, who was always ready to entertain the children, especially if she could instruct them a little at the same time, "is found in England and in other parts of Europe, and lives in small thickets and on the borders of woods, and sometimes in dry ditches. It makes a queer little nest in these places for its family, with a roof over it capable of

throwing off the rain, so as to keep the children dry.

"Instead of roaming around during the day, to see and be seen, it takes the night for its excursions; and woe unto the insects that happen to cross its path. It relishes worms, beetles, snakes, and even cantharides,—a peculiar kind of insect which a dog is unable to digest at all, but will be in perfect agony by eating even a very small quantity; though the hedgehog seems to feel no bad effects whatever from such a meal.

"This queer, spiked animal attacks a snake very fearlessly; and devours it most greedily, beginning at the tail, and going straight on until head and all have disappeared.

"Some hedgehogs did a very mischievous thing once in a garden where some plants were growing finely. They bored through the ground to the roots, which they feasted upon, leaving only the leaves standing, which at first did not show what injury they had sustained.

"They have been accused of doing many mischievous things: and at one time people thought it wise to kill as many as possible; but they soon found out their mistake, as the vermin increased very rapidly.

"They have been found to some extent in Asia, and have been used instead of cats to clear rats and mice out of the houses.

"Some of them have been tamed; and taught to turn a spit, by means of a wheel, for roasting meat, and to answer to their name.

"But they are not very agreeable to have in a house, on account of a very offensive smell they carry about with them.

"The hedgehog is not often used for food; but the gypsies, who do not seem very particular as to what they eat, enjoy a hedgehog dinner now and then.

"The skin of this animal was used a long time ago for a clothes-brush, and its right eye was considered a valuable remedy in old times by some who did not know much about medicine. Their rule was to fry it in oil, in a brass vessel, and then use it as an ointment for the eyes, as they said it would enable a person to see as well by night as by day.

"There, children," said Sister Sue, "I have told you all I know about the hedgehog. Now go and play, and don't quarrel any more; and remember, Phil, the beautiful verse you learned the other day : 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' "

"Sue," said Phil, deliberately, as he slid off the sofa, and took his position in front of her with a hand in each pocket, "I think you know more than anybody in the world."

"Not exactly," she replied, smilingly, as he and May went off to *play* hedgehog this time.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the fallen credit of one of his acquaintances, he replied: "The man was my friend when my friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many."

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, says: "The best capital for a young man is a clear head, an honest heart, and an energetic will."

WHEN the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

To obey is better than sacrifice.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER VI.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

 He next Sunday, we were quite early. As we sat chatting with our little ones, before the opening exercises, we saw Mr. Kingsbury coming toward us, leading a pale, sickly looking girl.

"Dear me, Mat!" whispered Angie. "Just look at those eyes!"

I looked. The eyes were pale blue, weak and watery, with deep-red rims round them. I turned away.

"My class is full," said Angie, decisively.

"So is mine. I can't take another one."

We arranged our unsuspecting pupils so that every one might be noticeable. We had no time to lose.

"Well," said a pleasant voice, "which one of you can the better accommodate a new pupil?"

Neither of us spoke for a moment. It seemed ten. Then I faltered, "My seats are all taken."

"I don't see how I can take another one," said Angie.

He looked down at us curiously. "This little girl is very anxious to come."

"Cannot Miss Butler take her?"

Miss Butler was the pleasant little lady in black, to whom so many of the large girls had been sent.

"Perhaps she could." He walked off, leaving us in no very enviable mood.

"I can't help it," said I, impatiently. "Any thing but those dreadful red eyes!"

"I know it," rejoined Angie, crossly. "A child like that ought to be kept at home."

Yet, all the time, our hearts were whispering better things.

Mr. Kingsbury soon came back, looking really troubled. "Miss Butler's girls are so large, and she has already more than either of you," he began.

I looked at Angie. Her face was flushed. She was evidently very much disturbed. As for me, I do not think I ever had a harder fight than the silent one of the next few seconds.

"I'll take her," said I, at last. *I will,*" I added, with unnecessary emphasis.

"No, no!" said Angie. "Let me have her. I'm willing now, Mr. Kingsbury. *I will* be willing."

He smiled, giving us each a hand. There was something in his hearty grasp which made us feel that he understood it all.

He gave the little girl her choice of teachers; and, as she lived in the "same part" as Benny Brightman, she chose to come to me.

"I have nothing to say for myself to-day," said Angie, when the session was over.

"Say it to me, then," laughed Rufus, coming up with a pile of books under his arm.

We didn't mean to tell him a word; but, somehow, we couldn't help it. We inquired, at the same time, with deep solicitude, for our friend of the previous Sunday.

"He has done well so far," answered Rufus. "He has appointed himself defender-in-chief to a blind boy, upon whom some of the fellows seem disposed to play tricks. Of course, I don't know how he'll hold out; but, so far, he has been quite a help. Perhaps, by letting him see that I appreciate his services, I may be able to keep them; but — 'things are mostly uncertain.'"

"So they are," answered I; "especially such things as boys."

"And such things as girls, too," said Angie. "I don't believe I shall ever be sure of myself again. And to think of your having a blind boy to teach, Rufus!"

"Oh! he's a jolly little chap,—a real Mark Tapley,—when the boys don't plague him. There's a lame one, too. His back is twisted all out of shape; but he don't seem to mind it. Once in a while, he'll shut his lips tight together, and wink very hard. I shouldn't imagine he had an ache or a pain, but for that; and he's the very brightest one among them all."

"That's just like you, Rufus!" cried Angie. "You take in the lame, the halt, and the blind, without making any fuss about it. I make a parade of my good intentions; but, when the time comes, I—Come, Mat. It's time you and I were going home." And we went.

Rufus comes in quite often now to practise. He has proposed giving Marcia lessons; and, to our great surprise, she has consented to "try him one quarter." If, in that time, she doesn't get on as fast as Ruth and I did under Madame Gibert, she threatens to discharge him. I have been more afraid of his discharging her. For the first few times, she did bravely. After that, practising was voted a bore, and lessons the great trial of her life.

If they were not so to her, I'm sure they must have been to Rufus; for she tried his patience in every possible way. A false note is a positive torture to him; and teaching Marcia, in some of her wild moods, must have seemed like undergoing the torment of a *little* inquisition.

One evening, he found her poring over Miss Burney's (Madame D'Arblay) "Court Journal."

"Good evening, Rufus," said she, hardly

looking up. "Aren't you a little bit early?"

"It is the usual time," he answered, pleasantly.

"Oh, dear!"

He took up the newspaper, and read a little; then we chatted a little. Ruth asked him to play a difficult passage for her; which, when he had explained, he made her go over and over for him, that he might be sure she understood it. Then he played one or two little airs himself; shaking the music, as it seemed, from his finger ends, in a way which delighted while it discouraged us. Still Marcia read on.

"The professor is waiting," said he, at length.

"Ugh! this old Mrs. Schwellenberg!" cried Marcia, bringing her hand down *hard* upon the book. "I'd like to *pound* her."

"Better pound your piano," said Ruth, dryly.

"Put up that book," said I, "and take your lesson. Don't you see that you are keeping Rufus waiting?"

"There's no hurry. I *must* see how they get out of this. You see, the queen made her invite a gentleman to tea; and, when he came, he was somebody else. Mrs. Schwellenberg was *so* provoked, and—oh, this is *so* interesting!"

Her eyes were fixed on the book. I could have shaken her. Ruth looked amused, but said nothing.

Ten minutes passed: then Rufus rose. "Good evening, all," said he.

Marcia sprang up, letting "Miss Burney" fall ignominiously to the floor. "Where are you going?" she inquired, with an air of surprise.

"Going home."

"But I haven't taken my lesson."

"I know it."

There was no mistaking those quiet,

resolute tones. Rufus was righteously indignant; and I was glad of it.

Marcia colored. Good-natured as she is, it isn't always easy for her to acknowledge a fault. She watched Rufus, as he went out into the hall; but not until the front door was fairly open did she try to stop him.

"Now, Rufus, you're too bad. Can't you forgive a girl, — just once, when she's dreadfully sorry?"

"How do I know she is dreadfully sorry?"

"Because she says so. I say so: I am dreadfully sorry. Come back now, like a good boy, and I'll prove it."

He came back. She seated herself at the piano. "If I'd been a young princess, now, Rufus, you wouldn't have dared to run away from me."

"Perhaps not."

"How would you like to be a court gentleman, and have to bow and smile and be pleasant, whether you felt like it or not?"

"I should enjoy it hugely, of course."

"I'll tell how it would be if I were maid of honor to 'Her Majesty.' If I wasn't sent away in disgrace the first month, I should lose myself, little by little. Every bit of Marcia Woodbury would gradually go away from me; and in her place would come another girl, who could smile or cry, be glad or sorry, just as they wanted her to. *Bah!* she wouldn't dare to come here, — *that other girl*, — *would* she, Rufus?"

"I should think not," laughed Rufus, his good-nature restored. "But here is your music. Come, you know what you promised."

"Yes, I know." And Marcia did "prove it" by doing her very best.

Since then, she and Rufus have been warm friends. She is beginning to take a real interest in practising, and we can see that she is improving.

Her interest in the "Court Journal" did not diminish, however. She would sometimes pretend that she was a young princess, and graciously extend her hand for us to kiss. Then she would be a maid of honor, and *back* gracefully out of the room as occasion required, — a process which her short dress made comparatively easy. She even composed an "ode" — as she called it — to Ruth's old wrapper, after the style of Miss Burney's lines to "The Great Coat."

But all this came suddenly to an end. It was Bertie's birthday, — his fourth; and, as Marcia came rushing in from school, she found him and mother on the porch.

"Behold the Queen and little Prince Albert upon the *terrace*, showing themselves to the plebeians!" she exclaimed. "That's the way they always do on a birthday. What condescension!" Then she plumped down upon her knees, and kissed mother's hand, and hugged Bertie up until he screamed. Seeing Jimmie Phelan running by, she called him, and made him kneel by her side and repeat, "I hope I see your Highness in good health," — which he did without a murmur, as he would have stood on his head if she had told him to.

"Come, come, Marcia!" said mother, a little impatiently, though she could not help laughing. "This is too absurd. Do get up!"

Marcia rose gracefully, and, taking Jimmie's hand, proceeded to *back out* with him in an "eminently respectful" manner. The "little prince" looked on silently for a moment; then, suddenly forgetting the dignity of his rank, he hastened to join the "plebeians." Rushing past Marcia and Jimmie, he *backed* rapidly to the end of the porch. In spite of mother's warning, before Marcia had time to catch him, he

had backed off the steps. Fortunately, he had not far to fall; but he struck his head against a sharp stone, cutting a gash, of which he will carry the marks for some time.

"Poor little darling!" cried Marcia, the tears running down her cheeks. "Sister'll put a nice piece of court-plaster on it,—a nice, shiny piece."

But Bertie would not be comforted.

"Court-plaster!" repeated Ruth, sarcastically. "No wonder he screams."

"Go away, Marcia!" sobbed Bertie. "I don't love you."

This was Marcia's only punishment. No one could possibly scold her, she felt so badly; though mother did express a wish that she would always remember that she was *Marcia Woodbury*, and would never try to be any one else.

"That's a strange wish, mother," she replied. "Marcia Woodbury means well; but I don't see but she makes as much mischief as if she didn't. I should think you'd be glad to have some one else once in a while, — just for a change."

"No, no!" answered mother, quickly. "I love her too much for that. But I do want the best of Marcia Woodbury, — the *very, very best*, Marcia."

Marcia turned her tear-stained face to the window. "The *very, very best* of Marcia Woodbury!" she repeated, thoughtfully. "O mammy dear! how are you going to get it?"

The only mention of the "Court Journal" after this was one evening, when we had all gone upstairs to bed. Ruth and I were discoursing quite learnedly of "Cause and Effect," — mother listening with an amused smile, — when, all at once, Marcia broke out with: —

"Cause and effect! Oh, yes! I see. We're all *causes*, every one of us; and we're all *effects*, too."

"How very clear!" remarked Ruth.

"We are," persisted Marcia.

"What are *you* the effect of?"

"That's just what I'd like to find out. You'd better ask what I am the *cause* of. That's an easier one."

"There's no need of asking that," replied Ruth. "We find that out every day."

"But, really and *truly*," Marcia went on, earnestly, "when we think of — *every thing*, doesn't it seem as if our lives did run into other peoples' lives, even if we never see them? Who would have thought, now, that an innocent journal, written in one century, would have been the means of giving a poor little boy a broken head, in the next?"

We all laughed. "This is a broad field," said mother. "We had better not try to explore it to-night. It's time we were in bed."

To be continued.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To whom do the animals belong? The animals belong to God, who, in his great mercy, ever watches over and protects them: not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge. Is it not pleasant when we go into the woods and fields to hear the sweet carol of the birds, as they fly from bough to bough, seeking food for their young? or as they soar high in the air, with one sweet burst of song? The birds are very industrious little creatures; and with what care do they build their nests! carefully gathering wisps of hay and straw, so as to make their homes warm and comfortable. We owe every thing to the animals: the principal part of our food and clothing are derived from them; and, if it were not for some animals,

we could not live. When we take the wool and milk from the flocks and herds, we take no more than what is our due, and what they can well spare. Some animals have been made by God as food for man. These we have a right to kill; but should make their short lives as full of joy as we can. Persons guilty of cruelty to them should be punished to the full extent of the law. How often you see men driving horses that are attached to carts so heavily loaded that the poor horses can hardly move, and for their vain attempts and feeble struggles they are rewarded by heavy blows! If they could only speak, how grateful they would be to the kind society that is doing so much for their protection! A horse and dog particularly challenge our admiration, and show qualities worthy of human beings. The Newfoundland dog seems to be the most intelligent of his race, and is noted for his great affection for children. We have one in our family,—a noble, shaggy fellow, the pet and pride of us all. The horse is a noble animal, and is noted for his great strength. It is not manly to shoot pigeons or cats for sport; and I consider it wicked to kill, merely for sport, any animal which God has created.

CHARLOTTE M. WAYLAND.

[The above piece, written by a miss of fourteen years, living in Newport, and attending the Unitarian Sunday-school in that city, gained one of the two prizes at Providence a few months ago.—ED.]

QUARRELS would never last long, if the wrong was all on one side.

By the words of our mouth we may affect to adore religion; but it is by the works of our lives that we adorn religion.

For The Dayspring.

BELL'S KNITTING.

GRANDMA took up her knitting work,—

The stocking almost done;
But, growing sleepy as she sat
Beside the fire alone,
With spectacles across her nose,
She very soon began to doze.

On tip toe little Bell stole in,
And sat down by her side;
And then to knit as grandma did
The little maiden tried.
She pulled the needles in and out,
And twirled the ball of yarn about.

Yet sat as quiet as a mouse,
For she had oft been told
She must not wake her grandmamma
(Bell was but three years old).
So there she sat, demure and still,
And worked away with right good-will.

For, though she ne'er had learned to knit,
There needed none to tell
How to unravel grandma's work,—
She could do that quite well.
And it was even quicker too
The stocking short and shorter grew.

While tabby sat beside the fire,
And kindly blinked at her,
Or rolled the ball with velvet paw,
And gave a lazy purr,
Till at Bell's feet there quickly grew
A tangled mass of worsted blue.

When all at once the tea-bell rang,
And grandma, in surprise,
Felt for the knitting she had dropped,
Looked up, and rubbed her eyes.
Then Bell called out, in childish glee,
“I've done your knitting, grandma, see!”

RIPPLE.

To be prudent in announcing your opinions, patient in considering those of others, and forbearing in argument, are indispensable characteristics of a gentleman.



A FIGHT FOR THE PUPPIES.

THE last two numbers of THE DAYSPRING have contained pictures of dog Jack, who was found one morning by Mr. Wardlaw under a bush on the lawn, and kindly cared for by his children, Willie and Annie. We now present a picture of dog Fannie, owned by little Herbert Wardlaw, who is cousin to Willie and Annie, and lives in the next house. Although Fannie is very pretty, she does not look like Jack. He is long and slender, while she is short and thick; his hair is short and smooth, while hers is long and shaggy. You see that she has

three puppies, that look just like herself. We need not tell you that Herbert and all the children in the neighborhood are delighted with them. They have but one enemy; and that is Grace Wardlaw's cat, whose name is Lottie. You see that she has any thing but love for them; and would drive them away, if they were not bravely defended by their mother. She stands between her little children and the cross cat, to keep them from harm. How watchful and kind and loving mothers are, and how grateful and obedient their children ought to be!

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FLORAL PIECE.

BY REV. W. L. CHAFFIN.

Directions. — When this piece is exhibited in a church where there is a good-sized pulpit for a background, upon which the four floral symbols — a star, an anchor, a cross, and a crown — can be hung, no other preparation will be necessary but the making of those symbols, and the placing of tacks or hooks to hang them on. The pulpit should be tastefully trimmed with green, but without many flowers, so that the floral symbols may be seen more plainly by contrast. At North Easton, Mass., where this exercise was first produced, a framework was made, between five and six feet high, in imitation of the architecture of the church. This was trimmed with lycopodium. Any green trimming of moss or vines will do, if tastefully arranged. During the exercises, at the appropriate time, the star was hung on the left-hand corner, the anchor at the right-hand corner, the cross in the centre, and the crown under the apex. The poems recited are not given here, as they are better left to the special tastes of those who make the selections. Those who desire to lengthen this piece so as to have it occupy the usual time of service, may have introductory responsive (or other) exercises.

It will add greatly to the interest of this piece if those who take part in it, after they come forward, will remain upon the platform, or about the pulpit, as the case may be. At the end, this will form a beautiful tableau, especially if the parts are taken by girls dressed in white.

1. *Three scholars advance together, and face the audience, the one in the centre holding the star in sight. She recites:* —

Shining in the eastern sky, the rising star salutes our watching eyes. It comes to drive away the darkness with its cheering beams. It guides the sailor across the trackless deep to his destined haven. It speaks of the majesty and goodness of the great Creator. It raises our eyes in wonder and longing, from earth to heaven. And thus the star is a beautiful symbol of our

Saviour and his blessed faith. Shining in the far east, the *Star of Bethlehem* has come to dispel the darkness, and shine into our hearts with its cheering light. Christ is our morning star, the light of the world, the guide to lead us to our destined port of eternal peace.

This scholar hangs the star, returns to place between the others as before, and the next one recites from Scripture as follows: —

“ I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh. There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.”

“ Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: ‘ Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.’ And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”

“ I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star.”

“ I am the Light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. This is the true light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world.”

The third scholar then recites an appropriate poem, after which all three arrange themselves about pulpit or platform.

2. *Congregation all sing:* —

“ When, marshalled on the nightly plain.”

3. *Three scholars advance; one, who stands between the others, holds an anchor. She recites:* —

When a ship, heaving up and down upon the rolling billows, and drifted by dangerous currents, would have peace and security, she drops her strong anchor into the

deep. The anchor clings firmly to the earth beneath the waves. The ship rests in safety, and the tired sailor enjoys peaceful slumber. Thus, as we are beaten by the storms of life, and drifted by the perilous currents of temptation, *Hope* may become an *anchor to the soul*, sure and steadfast. Hope is the joy and strength, not only of the young hearts who meet so happily here to-day, but of us all. A pure hope in God and Heaven will alone keep our souls anchored safely amidst the dangers of life. May that blessed Christian hope, whose beautiful emblem we now place before us, become our perpetual security and joy !

She hangs the anchor, and takes her place; and the second scholar recites the following Scripture:—

“ That we may have strong encouragement, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us ; which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. For we are saved by hope.”

“ If we hope for that which we do not see, then do we with patience wait for it.”

“ May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope.”

“ Hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God. For thou art my hope, O Lord God.”

The third scholar then recites an appropriate poem on Hope, and all three station themselves about pulpit or platform.

4. *Singing by the Sunday School.*

5. *Three others then advance ; one, who stands between the others, holding in sight a floral Cross. She recites :—*

There was a time when the Cross held the same place in the thought of men that

the gallows holds to-day. It was the punishment of criminals, and became the sign of infamy and shame. But now it is the dearest, holiest symbol of the Christian world. To us it is for ever sanctified by Jesus, who was lifted up to human sight upon it, that he might draw all men unto him. And so the Cross speaks to us of the Saviour's faith and love, strong in death as in life. By it the divinest traits of his character were revealed. Above all, it shows his matchless spirit of self-sacrifice, a willingness to bear the keenest agony for our sakes, and in obedience to the will of God. This is the deepest meaning of the Cross, — *self-sacrifice for others' good*. Therefore we give this beautiful emblem the central place here, as in our hearts. And may the self-denying, Christian spirit it symbolizes become the ruling spirit of our lives!

She hangs the Cross in the centre, and stands as before ; and the second scholar recites this Scripture :—

“ And Jesus, bearing his cross, went forth.”

“ God forbid (said Paul) that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

“ And Jesus said unto them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it.”

“ Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister ; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.”

Recitation of appropriate poem by the third scholar, and the three then arrange themselves about the platform.

6. *Singing by the whole Congregation:*—

"In the Cross of Christ I glory."

7. *The last three scholars then come forward; one, who stands between the others, bearing a crown. It will be prettier if this one shall be a young girl, and if, in hanging this crown in place, she shall, where there is a pulpit, mount the pulpit stairs, and hang it from above, and then return to her position. This speaker should also enunciate plainly, as she has more to say than the others, as well as what is more important. She recites:—*

After the Cross, comes the Crown. Many, many years ago, men used to contend for victory in great games and races; and the victor received, as his reward, a crown of laurel leaves, amidst the shouts of assembled throngs. And thus, in the imagery of the New Testament, the crown became the emblem of victory and reward. Our dear parents and friends tell us that, as we grow older, we shall have to bear many a cross. But if the Bible speaks of the cross of duty, self-denial, and sorrow, it has still more to say of a bright crown of joy and eternal life, which we shall wear after all our crosses have passed away. The cross is for a day, the crown is for ever. No jewelled coronet ever sparkled upon the brow of kings that was half as honorable as the beautiful crown of virtue and goodness which the humblest of us may win.

She then hangs the Crown, and returns to position. The second child recites these Scripture selections:—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Blessed is the man that endureth temp-

tation: for, when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

And may we, at the last, all be able to say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will give to me."

The third scholar recites an appropriate poem, and then they arrange themselves in position, making a beautiful tableau. The scholar who hung the Crown may then say:—

And now we have before us the beautiful symbols of the Gospel of him who loved little children, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." They are also the emblems of our own life. The Star is for infancy,—for the new light that dawns in many a happy home. The Anchor is for youth, which is full of hope and promise. The Cross means the toil, the burden, and trial of life; and the Crown, the blessed reward our Father will give all his faithful children. As we sail across the sea of life, if we take the Star of Bethlehem for our guide, we shall, some day, drop anchor quietly in the haven of eternal peace. There all our crosses will vanish for ever, and we shall wear upon our heads the crown of everlasting joy.

8. *Concluding hymn by the Sunday School or by Sunday School and Congregation together. The children remain in position until the close of the singing.*

For The Dayspring.

THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

BETTY McGOWAN'S home was on Endicott Street; for it is home even if it be up three flights in a hot attic. Father had been out of work for six months; and had no comfort but his pipe, an occasional glass of whiskey when his spirits were very low, and the gossip of his mates about the wrongs of the poor man, and the heartlessness of the rich. He was not so bad a fatlier when times were good and all was cheerful about him,—not in the habit of coming home drunk, and beating his wife and children; but he was like that grain our Lord tells us of which had no root, and what little manliness he had withered away in adversity.

Mother had fortunately never been without work. Sometimes there was scarcely enough earned to cover rent, fire, food, and the pipe, which the poor woman kept burning for fear of something worse; and a few times only, to Betty's great distress, she had been sent to beg. She had much self-respect, and some of the fineness which sifts down frequently into the low places of humanity. So she would rather be hungry than beg.

But lately she was never hungry, though she often felt a longing for something that she could not describe. Her mother scolded her when she left the bread and smoked herring upon her plate, and said she wouldn't be fit for any thing by and by; and her father frowned, and said she was growing dainty. It grew harder and harder to follow little Jim, who would dodge in and out among the teams, and go so near the horses' heels in the stable close by, especially when she had to carry the baby on one arm. While she sat still in the

doorway that she might not disturb the little nap it was taking on her shoulder, she used to think that perhaps it would not be so bad for them all to go to heaven, where John and Barney, who had died of scarlet fever, were; or Tim, who was run over in the street,—just as Jim would be some day,—and went to the hospital, but never came home again.

It was hot and noisy, and she was very tired all the time,—as tired, it seemed to her, in the morning as at night; and that was why, perhaps, she spoke angrily to her mother when she reproved her.

Mother was not feeling very happy. She had scrubbed all day in a great house, where the mistress had gone out thoughtlessly without leaving her wages, and the new cook was indifferent; and there was nothing but cold potatoes for supper. The husband had snatched his hat and gone out angrily, and the poor woman's heart was very sore.

"Take that for yer impudence!" she cried, giving Betty a blow on the aching head. She was sorry in an instant, and frightened, too, when Betty crept away to a corner of the room, and lay down without a word. She was more frightened as the child tossed and muttered all night in a high fever, and looked wildly at her in the morning. She thought she had killed her.

"It is fever," said the dispensary doctor; "and, if she is not better to-morrow, I will give you an order for the hospital."

"Oh, no! no!" screamed Betty. "They'll kill me as they did Tim!"

The mother explained.

"They will be very kind," said the doctor, gently. "You will feel much better there than at home." But she started away from him, crying bitterly.

"It will not do to say any thing more

about it now," he said, giving some directions and going.

All that night, and into the next day, the child tossed from one side of the hot bed to the other, which seemed no cooler. The air that came in over the roofs lying in the glare of the sunshine scorched her. Heavy feet were continually going up and down the stairs. Why did they want to jump so? The doors shut *so* often, and they seemed to shut against her head. The street was full of noises: even at night it was not quiet, and the night was as long as a lifetime. All through the torment, half blotted out by snatches of wretched sleep, came the words of a hymn she had heard sung at the mission:—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood!"

They had touched her imagination and clung there. They seemed so cool and sweet now! and she tried half consciously to remember them all, and cried because she could not. But still she would not hear of the hospital. Tim had gone there, and died; and Betty was not as ready to go to heaven as when she had sat on the door-step with the baby asleep in her arms.

"Go for Mrs. Bray!" the mother said to her husband, as the afternoon grew hotter, and the child seemed quite delirious. "She'll know what to do."

Mrs. Bray could always come, and was equal to any emergency.

"I know some kind ladies who often take in sick children and nurse them," she said. "It's a pleasant place,—almost like going into the country."

"Is it 'livin' green?'" said Betty, suddenly.

"It's the hymn she heard at the mission. She's been sayin' it all the time. Somethin' about 'swellin' floods,'" said the mother.

"Poor child! it's the only bit of coolness she has had," said the compassionate lady. "If there is a place for her, I will bring a carriage. Keep her as comfortable as you can."

It was not easy to make room, but no one could think of leaving the child in that hot attic for another night; and, just as the late summer twilight fell, Betty was carried into the Children's Hospital, almost exhausted with the hard ride, but with strength enough left to feel the sweet silence and peace of the place. No heavy steps nor slamming doors; no shouting and quarrelling and steady tramp on the sidewalk; no bad odors of pipes and coarse cookery: but a faint fragrance of flowers, and the sleepy twitter of a bird that seemed to be a part of the hymn she had been trying to remember. She must have got into those sweet fields.

"It's just the place for a timid child; so much better than the wards of a great hospital," Mrs. Bray said, as, a few days later, she was telling her children how well Betty was getting along.

"I wish all the sick children could go there!" said Alice.

"They have not means enough," her mother answered. "I wish their resources were larger."

"If I had lots of money now"—, said little Willy.

"You might save the pennies you sometimes have to spend," his mother suggested.

"And go without pop-corn and candy, and jumpin'-jacks?" asked Willy, who knew just where he could buy the last article.

"Yes, dear: the giving that comes from sacrifice is thrice blessed."

"I wish I could help them some!" said thoughtful Annette.

"Perhaps you can," answered her mother. "They are to have a Fair another winter; and there are several pretty things you might make. You, and the Brown girls, and Lizzy Hart, are very ready with your needles. You could dress a few dolls, or make some aprons, or some pretty little pin-cushions; and you could all spare a few of the ornaments you have so many of. You can ask your playmates to help you; and Willy can persuade his to save their pennies, as I hope he will decide to save his own."

"Yes, mother," said Willy, mentally giving up the jumping-jack.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a children's table, mother?" cried Annette, — "a table where children could go to buy all their presents? And if a great many children could send in things to sell, so that the table would be ours, how fine that would be! Oh, I wish we could, mother!"

"It is quite possible," said Mrs. Bray: "only a great many children would have to practise self-denial, and some perseverance, too."

"And you could sell jumpin'-jacks, too," said Willy, seeing a way to get his.

"And have a bed in the hospital for Betty's brother, if a team should run over him," said Alice.

"And be much happier and better children for the effort," said their mother, as she went out to answer a call.

"I think," said Annette, after a few moments' thought, "if mother goes to heaven first"—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the children; and Annette wiped her eyes.

"I was only going to say," she said meekly, "that if she does go first, when she comes to meet us, she'll look just as she did then."

And there is to be a Fair, and a Children's Table, dear boys and girls, where little gifts from Alice and Annette, precious pennies saved by all the Willies and all their playmates, together with pretty and useful articles contributed by mamma and auntie, will be thankfully received, and sold for the benefit of little children who might die in their wretched homes, but will be saved at the hospital the little ones have helped to support. If boys and girls would form little clubs among their friends, to work and solicit during the pleasant vacation, they might astonish and delight all the grown people who do not know how much children can do when they "really" try.

Any gifts or promises may be sent to Mrs. MILLIKEN, 15 Ashburton Place, Boston.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little warm hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin,—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right,—
This is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer;
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to his fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight,—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright,—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY has sent out its annual appeal for contributions to its funds. We trust that all interested in its work will use their influence to have the contribution boxes passed at the earliest day practicable.

WE would call attention to the very pretty Sunday-school Floral Piece in this number of the DAYSPRING. Those who wish extra copies can be supplied with them at three cents each.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in King's Chapel, Boston, on Thursday, May 30, at two o'clock P.M. An essay will be read by Rev. S. C. Beach, of Dedham, on "What can be done in the Sunday School," and discussed by several able and interesting speakers.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for June will be published on the twentieth of May. A neat volume of one hundred and twenty pages, containing the ten monthly parts from September, 1877, to June, 1878, inclusive, will be published about the same time, and sold at two dollars and fifty cents per dozen, — an extremely low price for so great an amount of matter. The book will contain forty-three Lessons on Hebrew characters and events, from the time of Abraham to that of Solomon.

WE hope that all our young friends will read the article entitled the "Children's Table," and be prepared to contribute to the Children's Table at the Fair to be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, in December next, in aid of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

BEHAVIOR is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 2, 4, 3, 6, is to weary.
My 7, 21, 6, 11, 10, is part of a carriage.
My 8, 17, 15, 1, 12, is to raise up.
My 7, 21, 6, 18, is an adverb of time.
My 7, 13, 4, 20, 12, 10, 14, is what boys do.
My 10, 6, 12, 23, 11, 3, is what we like to receive.
My 10, 9, 5, 6, is to be fond of.
My 20, 8, 22, 7, 11, 16, 1, are expected in summer.
My 7, 19, 12, 8, 6, 3, is to fade away.
My whole is a familiar adage.

J. C. M.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

Of six letters I am made:
My first is in buy, but not in trade;
My second is in boy, but not in girl;
My third is in tress, but not in curl;
My fourth is in nut, but not in shell;
My fifth is in nook, but not in dell;
My sixth is in cent, but not in purse;
My whole is the "Hub of the Universe."

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of a goddess.
 2. A wicked sprite.
 3. Something used in a boat.
 4. A priestly tribe.
 5. The close of day.
 6. A small branch.
- The initials name a flower.
The finals the time when it blossoms.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

SQUARE WORD.

C E N T
E V E R
N E R O
T R O T

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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